my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musitian; O she will sing the sauageness out of a Beare; of so hye and plenteous wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay thats certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, oh the pitty.

Iag. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes, —cuckold me!

Iag. O, tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night Ile not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases, very good.

Ia. And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Some thing from *Venice* sure; tis *Lodouico*
Come from the Duke, and see, your wife is with him.

Lod. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: — welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod.